

Salvaged Heartbreak

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****AUTHORS NOTES:** Okay..... here's my first shot at a Bulma/Vegeta romance. ::holds hands up in front of her face:: Be gentle!!!! I do not own Celine Dion's song "I love you, good bye" I really don't know when this story takes place(though it does take place after Vegeta, being really stupid blows the gravity room up on top of him) but you'll soon get where the title's name comes from. This story is entirely fictional too, some of these things never happen. I do not own Dragon Ball Z or it's characters, but this idea is mine, k? Now please read and comment!**

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Yamcha watched as Bulma cradled Vegeta's head in her lap, the rest of his beaten and bruised body lying out in awkward positions in front of him. Sure her voice was reprimanding and she was yelling at Vegeta but Yamcha could see the tenderness in her gaze. Why hadn't he ever got that gaze from her? Okay fine, so what if he didn't give her that look either, hadn't they been together long enough for her give him that kind of look? Yamcha frowned as a feeling he hadn't experienced too often, rise and nag at his heart. Jealousy. Why would he be jealous of Vegeta? Just because he got the looks Yamcha had been craving ever since he and Bulma first met, and because she seemed to click with Vegeta better than him, wasn't a reason to be jealous right? Another feeling crept up on his heart and Yamcha's frown deepened. Guilt. Why, even more than jealousy, would he feel that? He had always been loyal to Bulma right? He had never really cheated on her, didn't really look at other girls, right? Yamcha's heart began beating painfully as he watched Bulma and Vegeta argue with each other on whether or not he would train anymore now. There was also a faint tenderness in Vegeta's eyes too as well as an confused but

affectionate rumble in his growl of a voice. Despair began to grow in Yamcha's heart as the scene unfolded in front of him. She didn't love him. The truth hit Yamcha like a ton of bricks. Yes she loved him, but only as a friend, a brother. She didn't love him the way Yamcha wanted, needed. Yet why wasn't his heart broken?? Did he also not love her 'that' way? Turning his back Yamcha began to walk back to the house that Bulma and her family lived in. 'Vegeta too now', a tiny voice said in the back of Yamcha's head. Yamcha shook his head and continued till he got inside and found Bulma's mother and father picking up the pastries Bulma's mother had just bought that morning off the floor(the explosion knocked them all flying). Clearing his throat he gained their attention. With a small smile he explained.

"It WAS Vegeta, he blew up the gravity room," Bulma's mother gasped and dropped the already half ruined cupcake back onto the floor, ruining the other half. Yamcha nodded at Bulma's fathers questioning gaze. "He needs some medical help, doesn't look too serious though." Bulma's father nodded and rose shakily to go call the CC head doctor. Yamcha nodded approvingly and walked back out the door and around the house to his car. Jumping nimbly inside he geared up the car and pressed the accelerator. Wind playfully teased his hair as he whipped through the almost deserted streets as the radio played old rock hits. Why wasn't he crushed?? He and she were boy/girl friend after all, and this was considered an affair. So why wasn't he hurt, angry, sad, anything?!? The question nagged at the logical part of his brain till it got a very blunt answer. He DIDN'T love her 'that' way! The admission almost proved he end of him as he was so startled he almost crashed into a tree. Pushing back his wildly tousled hair out of his eyes, he gulped. He didn't love her like that! How he could he JUST realize this? Wouldn't he notice he didn't love her before now? Yamcha frowned and searched his mind. The answer proved him wrong. No he hadn't noticed, his heart had told his mind that he WAS in love with her and until now he heart hadn't learned what his mind had been trying to tell him. How could he have been such a fool? Yamcha scowl darkened. He had been acting like an idiot!! A song came on the radio then and the longer Yamcha listened, the gloomier he became. It was clear now what he had to do. He and Bulma couldn't continue to be something they weren't. A small smile touched his lips then. He knew what he had to do now, yes, but they both would be happier after awhile. Backing the car away from the tree he raced towards the city. If he did this right, Vegeta would finally have the chance he deserved.

2 WEEKS LATER.....

Vegeta frowned as he re-read the letter. Why the hell would he want to do the idiot a favor? What was that fool, Yamcha, up to? Crumpling the letter he tossed it over his shoulder and continued to walk towards the newly built gravity room. Maybe though, he WOULD see what this "very important" and "very worth your time" thing was. Vegeta smirked and entered the gravity level he wanted into the computer before cracking his knuckles and settling himself in a crouch. Anyway this thing wouldn't need his attention till 7 tonight. Till then he had to train to surpass that idiot, Kakarrot!

Bulma smiled and added the last of the makeup to her face. Smacking her lips to make sure the lipstick was applied evenly, she admired her reflection in the mirror. Dressed in a low cut sea blue dress that hugged her curves and her shoulder length blue hair piled on top of her head with only a few strands loose to frame her face, she didn't look too bad. She smiled at her reflection and grinned even broader as she saw it do the same. She was ready for this "extra romantic" evening. Patting the rumples from her dress she hurried down stairs and proceeded to wait for Yamcha. It was 6:30. 30 minutes later Bulma still waited, pacing impatiently as she repeatedly watched the clock.

Vegeta sneered as he picked up a pretty red rose and a cassette tape off the front step. Was this the "very important" thing? Rather pathetic really. Vegeta scowled when he saw it was addressed to Bulma. What a waste of time! Slamming the door open he strode in to find a very dressed up Bulma. Vegeta was silent for a minute, drinking his fill before shaking his head. "Why are you dressed so ugly, woman? Going on one of your "dates" with that weakling human?" Vegeta asked as he shoved the rose and cassette tape into her hands. Bulma's blue eyes flashed with anger but she quickly doused it when she noticed the writing on the card. Mentally sighing over seeing Yamcha's writing, her worry turned to anger. Where the hell was he? Frowning she glanced at the cassette tape and found the directions "Play first" written in Yamcha sloppy handwriting. Shrugging she walked into the kitchen with the cassette tape, Vegeta following behind her. Ignoring him, she placed the tape into a radio and pressed play. Almost immediately Yamcha voice echoed through the kitchen.

"Hi Bulma. You may be wondering where I am. Truth is, there wasn't supposed to be any date tonight. I just needed to give you these last gifts and my last words. I have always loved you Bulma but you deserve SO much better than me. Maybe one day you'll see that and forgive me. Till then here is my song to you." Soft music began playing and Bulma stood entranced as the words filled the room.

WISH I COULD BE THE ONE

THE ONE WHO COULD GIVE YOU LOVE

THE KIND OF LOVE YOU REALLY NEED

WISH I COULD SAY TO YOU

THAT I'LL ALWAYS STAY WITH YOU

BUT BABY THAT'S NOT ME

YOU NEED SOMEONE WILLING TO GIVE THEIR HEART AND SOUL TO YOU

PROMISE YOU FOREVER, BABY'S THAT'S SOMETHING I CAN'T DO

OH I COULD SAY I'LL BE ALL YOU NEED

BUT THAT WOULD BE A LIE

I KNOW I'D ONLY HURT YOU

I KNOW I'D ONLY MAKE YOU CRY
I'M NOT THE ONE YOUR NEEDING
I LOVE YOU, GOODBYE
I HOPEDAY YOU CAN
FIND SOMEWAY TO UNDERSTAND I'M ONLY DOING THIS FOR YOU
I DON'T REALLY WANNA GO
BUT DEEP IN MY HEART I KNOW THIS IS THE KINDEST THING TO DO
YOU'LL FIND SOMEONE WHO'LL BE THE ONE THAT I COULD NEVER BE
WHO'LL GIVE YOU SOMETHING BETTER
THAN THE LOVE YOU'LL FIND WITH ME
OH I COULD SAY THAT I'LL BE ALL YOU NEED
BUT THAT WOULD BE A CRIME
I KNOW I'D ONLY HURT YOU
I KNOW I'D ONLY MAKE YOU CRY
I'M NOT THE ONE YOUR NEEDING
I LOVE YOU, GOODBYE
LEAVING SOMEONE WHEN YOU LOVE SOMEONE
IS THE HARDEST THING TO DO
WHEN YOU LOVE SOMEONE AS MUCH AS I LOVE YOU
OH BABY I DON'T WANNA LEAVE YOU
BABY IT TEARS ME UP INSIDE
BUT I'LL NEVER BE THE ONE YOUR NEEDING
I LOVE YOU, GOODBYE
BABY IT'S NEVER GONNA WORK OUT
I LOVE YOU, GOOD BYE

By the middle of the song, tears had began running down Bulma's face, growing larger in volume till she was one tear away from sobbing. How could he? How could he just say "I love you, goodbye"? Weren't you supposed to stay with the person you love forever? The cassette ended with a click and the room was quiet except for Bulma's muffled sobs.

Vegeta scowled and crossed his arms. What was he supposed to do? He had no patience to deal with a weak human woman, especially one that

cried at the drop of a hat. Plus he was a saiyajin prince! They did not have to soil their hands doing meaningless work. Vegeta was about to turn around but her sobs penetrated the darkness that surrounded his heart. For a moment Vegeta experienced a possessiveness and rage he had never felt before. How dare that idiot! How dare he make her cry! The moment passed and left Vegeta confused. Why would he be angry that that idiot made the stupid woman cry? He did it all the time and found joy in making the woman weep in fear and anger, didn't he? Vegeta's scowl darkened until it could freeze flames. Dammit, this 'weakness' of his was going to force him to comfort the blasted woman. Sighing Vegeta walked over to Bulma and stared at her shaking shoulders. How were you supposed to comfort a woman? Remembering how Goku had comforted Chichi once, Vegeta awkwardly slipped his arms around her waist and gently pulled her to his chest. Here goes nothing, he thought to himself with a frown.

Bulma stiffened as she felt Vegeta's arms wrap around her in a comforting gesture. What the heck? Craning her head back she found herself looking into his dark ebony eyes that showed nothing but a glimmer of confusion. Slowly the glimmer transformed into annoyance but Bulma noticed the glimmer also held a bit of tenderness. Why was he looking at her like that? And why was her heart suddenly beating rapidly?

"Stop crying." Vegeta commanded in a growl that was softened when he pushed her head back against his chest. Bulma could only nod her head and smile while she slipped her arms around his waist. They stood like that for a long, long time.

A pair of dark eyes watched the entire scene and smiled knowingly. Pulling an identical red rose from beneath his clothes folds, he left it on the window sill with one last kiss to it's soft petals as he ran out into the night. A note, no small than a quarter, dangled from a gold string. On it was one word.

Yamcha

****THE END**** Or is it???

So how was it? I hope it didn't suck, I tried my best. I was thinking about 2 more sequel stories about Bulma and Vegeta after this but I first wanted to know what you guys thought. Should I continue it?? Anyhoo, hope you all like it! Ja ne!

~Jadet

End
file.